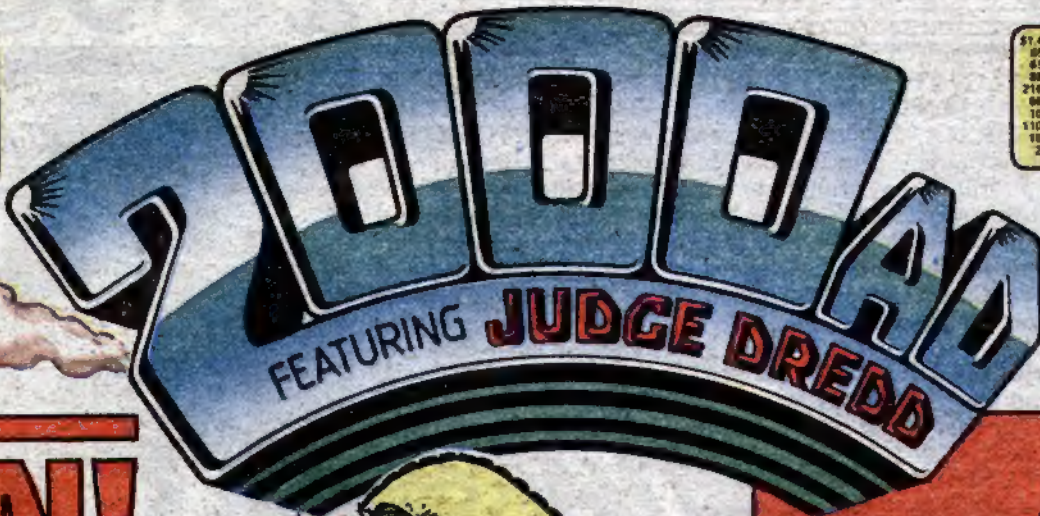


92 Cliff Gardens

ZARJAZ 8TH BIRTHDAY ISSUE!

PROG 416
4 MAY 85



\$1.45 Malaysia
85c Australia
65c New Zealand
65c Mercury
210c Venus
66c Mars
10g Asteroid Belt
110g Saturn
10g Neptune
2g Pluto

24p
EARTH
MONEY

IN ORBIT
EVERY
MONDAY

WIN!

commodore
64

COMPUTER
SYSTEMS

&

VALIANT

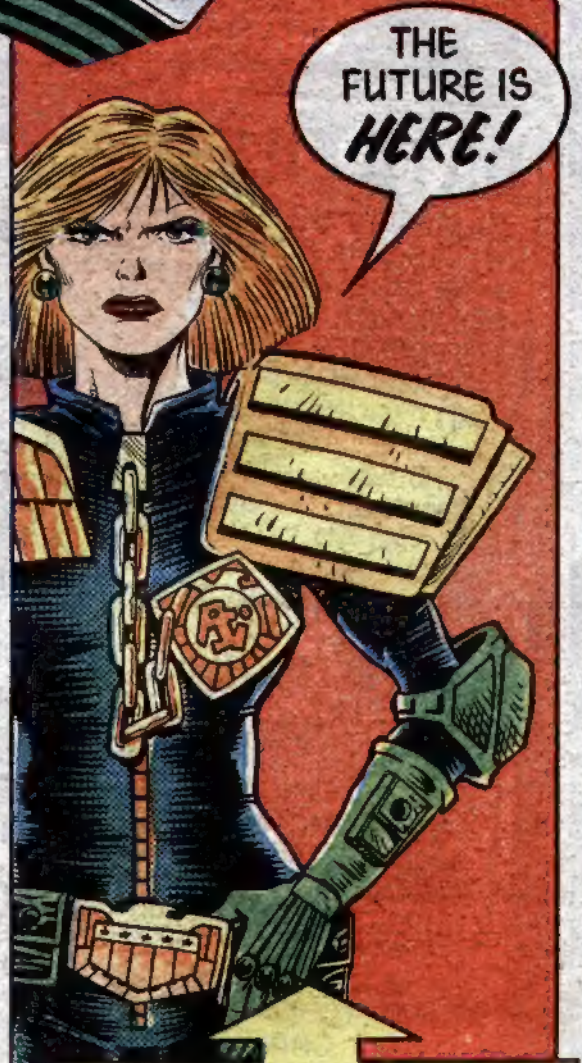
ROBO-
TURTLES!

NEW

MEGA-
THRILLS!



**ALPHA-
STRONTIUM
DOG!**



**ANDERSON-
PSI
DIVISION!**

8 ZARJAZ YEARS OF 2000AD

BORAG THUNGG, EARTHLETS, MERCURIANS, VENUSIANS, MARTIANS, ASTEROID BELTERS, SATURNIANS, NEPTUNIANS AND PLUTONKERS!

This supreme prog marks eight years (in Earth time) of non-stop thrill-power, brought to you by the greatest editor in the known universe – to wit, me. Your trembling tentacles are now holding the ultimate in circuit-shattering adventure...a cosmic comic which brings you *Slaine* and *Rogue Trooper*, plus Art Robot Cam Kennedy's scrotnig work on *Judge Dredd*, plus the return of *Strontium Dog*, plus a certain Psi Judge called *Anderson* starring in her own saga, plus the chance to win zarjaz prizes like a robo-turtle and a home computer system! Read my 8th Birthday Issue slowly, Squaxx dek Thargo, and savour every thrill-powered moment. Your future is in good hands!

SPLUNDIG VUR THRIGG!

THARG

DATA FILE

NAME: THARG

TITLES: THE MIGHTY, MIGHTY ONE, etc.

AGE: INDETERMINATE BUT ANCIENT

HOMEWORLD: QUAXXANN, SIXTH PLANET OF THE BETELGEUSE SYSTEM

SPECIAL POWERS: TOTAL MIGHTINESS

DISTINGUISHING MARKS: GREEN SKIN, ROSETTE OF SIRIUS (This is a sub-space communicator implanted in forehead.)

FOOD: EARTH-TYPE PVC (Especially in form of plastic cups.)

ENEMIES: THE DICTATORS OF ZRAG (Ambition: to wipe out Tharg and 2000 AD.), THE THRILL-SUCKERS (Microscopic parasites who feed on thrill-power.)

OCCUPATION: BEST COMIC EDITOR IN THE KNOWN UNIVERSE!

SOME BETELGEUSIAN PHRASES

BORAG THUNGG: Galactic Greetings.

SPLUNDIG VUR THRIGG: Farewell.

ZARJAZ: Fantastic.

SCROTNIG: Thrill-powered.

SQUAXX DEK THARGO: Friend of Tharg (every regular reader of 2000 AD).

KRILL TRO THARGO: Honoured By Tharg (awarded to Earthlets of special merit).

QUAEQUAM BLAGI: Sacre Bleu! My Goodness! Streuth!

GHAFFLEBETTE: Out of this world.

FLORIX GRABUNDAE: Many thanks.

FROGNUM GRUELIS: April Fool!

GREXNIX: Idiot or un-zarjaz person!



...AND THE BEST IS YET TO COME!

Published every Monday by IPC Magazines Ltd., King's Reach Tower, Stamford Street, London SE1 9LS. 2000 AD must not be sold at more than the recommended selling price shown on the cover. Sole Agents: Australia and New Zealand, Gordon & Gotch Ltd.; South Africa, Central News Agency Ltd. Subscription facilities (inland and overseas) are not now available. All rights reserved and reproduction without permission strictly forbidden. Printed in England by Southernprint Ltd, Poole, Dorset. © IPC Magazines Ltd., 1985.

ANDERSON *PSY* DIVISION

IT BEGAN AS JUST ANOTHER ROUTINE CASE IN THE CAREER OF JUDGE ANDERSON...

...IT TURNED INTO A NIGHTMARE OF EVIL THAT THREATENED TO DESTROY EVERY MAN, WOMAN AND CHILD IN MEGA-CITY ONE!

ANDERSSON!
I HAVE RETURNED!

JUDGE
DEATH!

GET OUT OF MY
HEAD, YOU GHOUL!
YOU'RE DEAD! I
KILLED YOU!

FOOL! YOU
CANNOT
KILL WHAT
DOES NOT
LIVE! I WILL
HAVE MY
REVENGE!

DOK! THAT WAS
SOME DREAM!
I KNEW I SHOULDN'T
HAVE HAD THAT
CHOOBACHEEZ FOR
SUPPER!

REVENGE



THE INTERCOM CRACKLES -

ANDERSON! YOU'RE REQUIRED IN PSI-LAB. STREET JUDGE JUST WHEELED IN A CROAKER.



EMSLAND'S DUTY TELEPATH - CAN'T HE HANDLE IT?



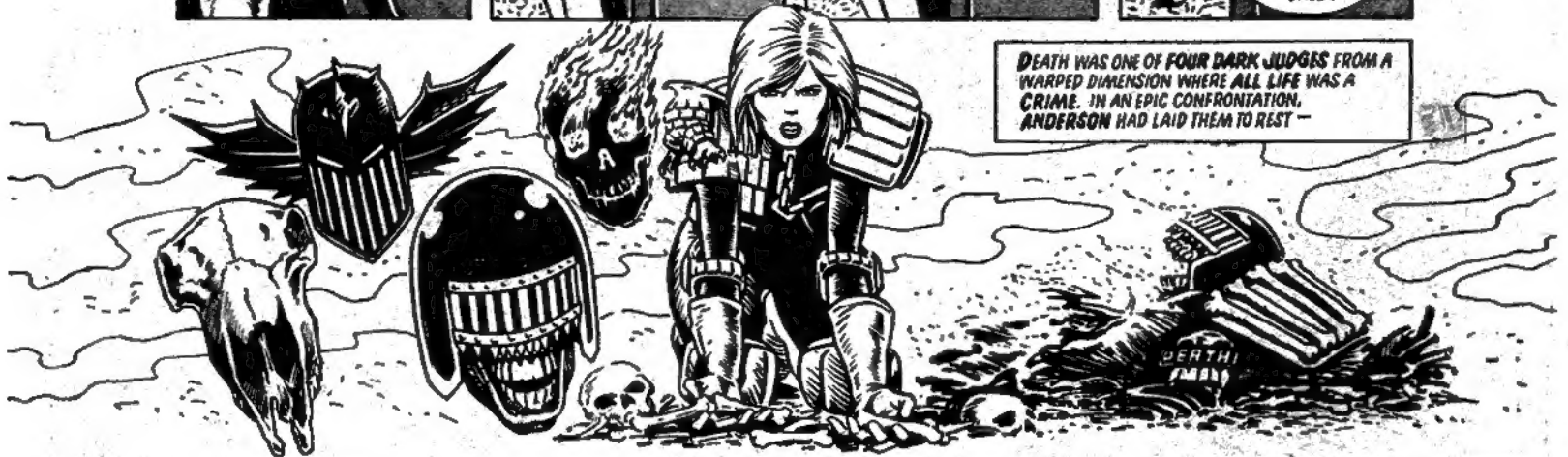
ANDERSON...? IS THERE SOMETHING WRONG?



NO, I'LL BE WITH YOU IN A JIFF...



DEATH WAS ONE OF FOUR DARK JUDGES FROM A WARPED DIMENSION WHERE ALL LIFE WAS A CRIME. IN AN EPIC CONFRONTATION, ANDERSON HAD LAID THEM TO REST -



IT WAS JUST A FLASHBACK - BAD MEMORY FROM AN OLD CASE. ALL PSIS GET THEM SOMETIMES.

PSI DIVISION - AN ELITE CORPS OF JUDGES SPECIALLY TRAINED FOR THEIR ABNORMAL MENTAL POWERS - CONSTITUTES A VITAL ELEMENT IN THE NEVER-ENDING FIGHT AGAINST MEGA-CITY CRIME.



YOU'LL NEVER MAKE ME TALK!

WHY BOTHER WHEN I CAN READ YOUR MIND!



CRIME DESK? JUST HAD A PREMONITION - EXPECT MULTIPLE MURDER, SNORATORIUM, TWENTY MINUTES!



IN A CUBICLE -

THIS CREEP WAS PICK-UP MAN IN THE SOUZA BABY KIDNAP. HE RUMBLER MY SURVEILLANCE - HAD TO WASTE HIM. WHEN HE DOESN'T SHOW UP WITH THE RANSOM, HIS PALS'LL KILL THE KID!

SO YOU WANT ME TO FIND THE KIDNAPPERS' BOLT-HOLE, HUH?

'KAY - WATCH ME MAKE THIS DEAD TURKEY SING!



FOR A SHORT WHILE AFTER DEATH, LATENT IMAGES ARE RETAINED BY THE BRAIN. A SKILLED TELEPATH CAN EXTRACT THEM -

SNATCHERS' LOCATION COMIN' THROUGH - BUT FAINT...

SOMEWHERE DARK... DRIPPING... HIGH RADIATION LEVEL. THERE'S A NAME THERE... FOCUS! GOTTA FOCUS!

IT'S A STREET. CROAK... NO - CROCK... CROCKER. CROCKER STREET!

THAT'S IT, GROGAN. YOUR STIFF'S GONE COLD ON ME.

IT'S ENOUGH. THE ONLY CROCKER IN THE CITY WITH A HIGH-RAD LEVEL IS IN SECTOR 61!

SOON, IN ONE OF THE MANY AREAS DEVASTATED BY THE APOCALYPSE WAR -

WE'VE STILL GOT TO PINPOINT THE SNATCHERS' EXACT LOCATION. I SHOULD BE ABLE TO TAP INTO THEIR THOUGHT WAVES AT THIS SHORT RANGE.

CROCK STREET

COME IN, NUMBER 9! YOUR TIME IS UP!

ANDERSON CAN'T RESIST HER LITTLE JOKE. NOT NORMAL FOR A JUDGE!

STILL, PSIs ARE HIGHLY-STRUNG. WE'VE GOT TO ALLOW THEM THEIR LITTLE PERSONALITY DEFECTS.

GOT 'EM! THREE OF THE CREEPS - SUB-BASEMENT, WILSON TUCKER BLOCK RUINS.

THE JUDGES DESCEND INTO A MAZE OF DARK UNDERBLOCK PASSAGES -

THERE IT IS!

WHAT THE HELL'S KEEPING HARLEY WITH THAT RANSOM?







I HAVE COME TO SSTALK THISS WORLD AGAIN. . . AND YOU, ANDERSSON, WILL BE MY INSTRUMENT OF DESSTRUCCION!



NEXT
PAGE

DEATH'S DARK DIMENSION I

ENTER THIS MEGA-ZARJAZ COMPU-TITION!



3 commodore 64 COMPUTER SYSTEMS

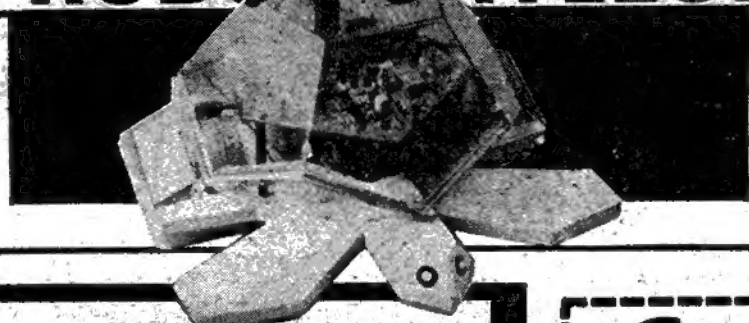
The *Commodore 64* is the world's leading home microcomputer. Its global success can be attributed to its large memory, excellent sound (generated through its special sound chip), sprite graphics, colour, full keyboard and wide range of software.

We've got three *Commodore 64s* to give away, together with disk drive and disk-based Logo—the high level language that is simple to learn!

PLUS!

3 VALIANT ROBO TURTLES!

Only your imagination will limit the countless applications this amazing machine can be put to! It's an ideal introduction to Robotics and its independent stepper motors and Berol pen make it a precision drawing instrument. Commands are programmed in Logo and beamed to the *Valiant Turtle* using infra-red—making it truly remote-controlled.



HOW TO ENTER

This zarjaz competition will be in four parts. The final part will appear in Prog 419, when we will print a special entry coupon for you to complete. You'll also need to affix to the coupon the special entry tokens that will appear with each part. Your first instructions appear below. Study them, and don't forget to reserve the next three issues of 2000 AD so that you can complete the competition and give yourself the chance of winning one of Tharg's zarjaz prizes!



INSTRUCTIONS

Here is a grid of squares containing letters of the alphabet with our own tame 'Turtle' standing outside. Over the four weeks of the competition we will give certain orders for the 'Turtle' to obey. What we want you to do is work out where the 'Turtle' would move. The orders will be of four types:

FD and a number means move forward that number of squares
BD and a number means move backward that number of squares
(RT) means turn 90° to the right within the square
(LT) means turn 90° to the left within the square

As you work out the instructions and move the turtle you will find boxes – the symbol ☐ – after certain orders. When you reach one of these empty boxes, write in it the letter which the turtle is standing on. For example, if the orders were:

FD2 (LT) FD1 (RT) BD1 ☐ (RT) FD1

then you would write 'Y' in the box, and would be on the letter 'L', facing towards the letter 'M'.

Note that when the turtle turns it does NOT move into another square, it just swivels to the left or to the right and when it moves backwards it does NOT turn round. Remember, it is very important to keep track of which direction the turtle is facing. Here are the first set of instructions:

FD4 ☐ BD3 (RT) FD1 ☐ (LT) FD4 ☐ BD4 (LT) FD1 ☐ BD1 (RT) FD2 ☐

So this week you have found five letters. They may be meaningless now but keep them safely along with the turtle and the grid and don't forget the special entry token.

J	U	Q	G	P
O	B	I	T	D
V	K	W	A	N
E	R	F	X	S
C	Y	L	M	H



DEEP IN THE HEART OF THE ETERNAL
FORTRESS OF DINAS EMRY'S...

Slaine

SO TH' THE
STENCH FROM THAT
LAKE TURNS MY
STOMACH!

MYRDDIN, MYRDDIN, WHERE ART
THOU GOING,
SO EARLY IN THE DAY?

I HAVE COME TO SEARCH FOR THE WAY,
TO FIND THE RED EGGS,
THE RED EGGS OF THE GREAT WORM.
I AM GOING TO SEEK IN THE VALLEY,
BY THE SEA SHORE IN THE HOLLOW'S OF
THE ROCKS,
AND IN THE WOOD BY THE SIDE OF THE
FOUNTAIN.

MYRDDIN! MYRDDIN! RETRACE
YOUR STEPS,
DO NOT SEEK THE RED EGGS OF
THE GREAT WORM,
LEAVE THE SECRETS OF TIME
TO GOD.

ANCIENT POEM.

SCRIPT:
PAT MULLS
ART:
DAVID PUGH
LETTERING:
STEVE POTTER

THE ODOUR COMES
FROM THE YOLK OF THE
TIME WORM'S EGGS—
YOUR MEANS OF TRAVELLING
INTO THE FUTURE TO
KILL ELFRIC.

LOOK CLOSER,
SLAINE... SEE
HOW THE YOLK
IS CHARGED WITH
POWER? FORMING
A GREAT SPIRAL
IN TIME!

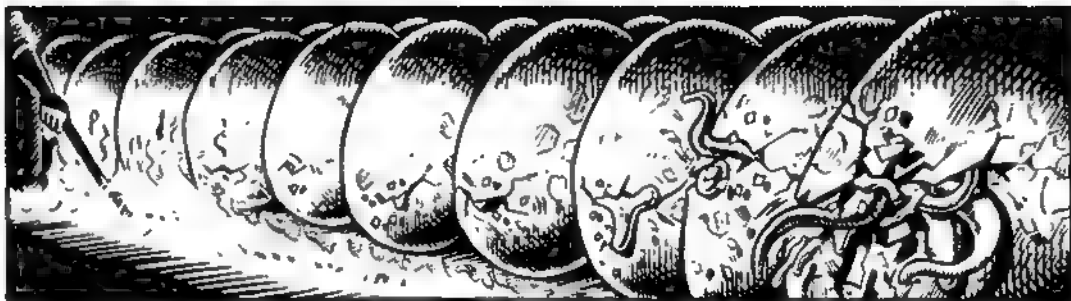
WE WILL
GUIDE YOU
THROUGH IT
USING YOUR
PERSONAL TIME
CODE—THE
MYSTIC SPIRAL
ON YOUR THUMB.

BUT WHAT
IF LITTLE
TIME WORMS
ARE STILL IN
THERE?

NO, NO, UKKO.
WE'RE CAREFUL
TO KEEP THE
EGGS AT A LOW
TEMPERATURE...

THAT
KILLS THE
YOUNG WORMS
INSIDE.

THROUGH A POOL OF
SLIME? YOU MUST THINK
ME A DULLARD, MYRDDIN.

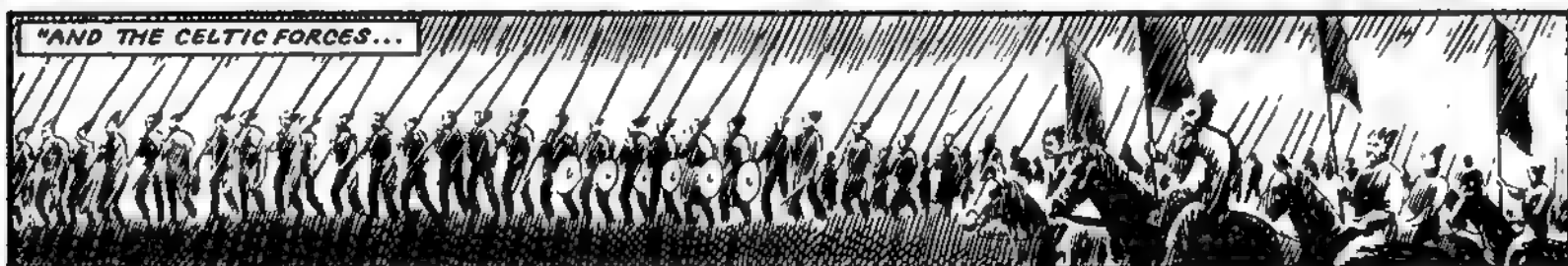




"SUCH AN EVENT IS THE BATTLE OF CLONTARF, EIRE, 1014 AD — BETWEEN THE GREAT VIKING ARMIES...



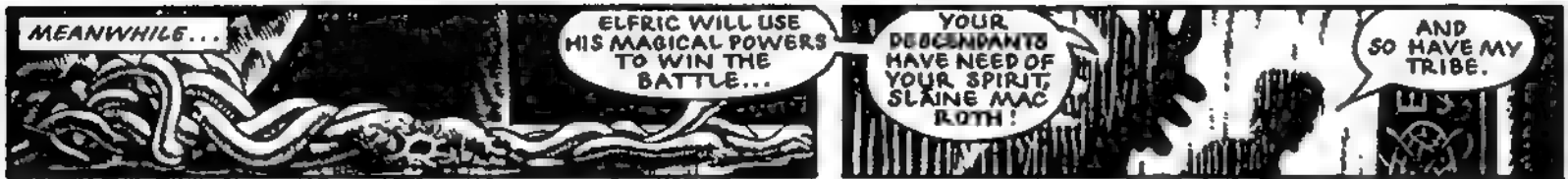
"COMMANDED BY THE CHANGELING ELFRIC.



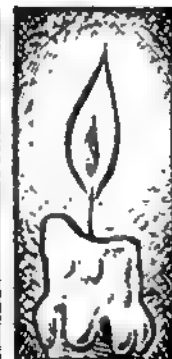
"AND THE CELTIC FORCES...



"LED BY THEIR AGEING KINGS BRIAN BORU AND HIS SON, MURDACH, THE KING'S CHAMPION."







JUDGE DREDD

SUNDAY NIGHT, 2300 HOURS.
JUDGES ARE OUT IN FORCE -

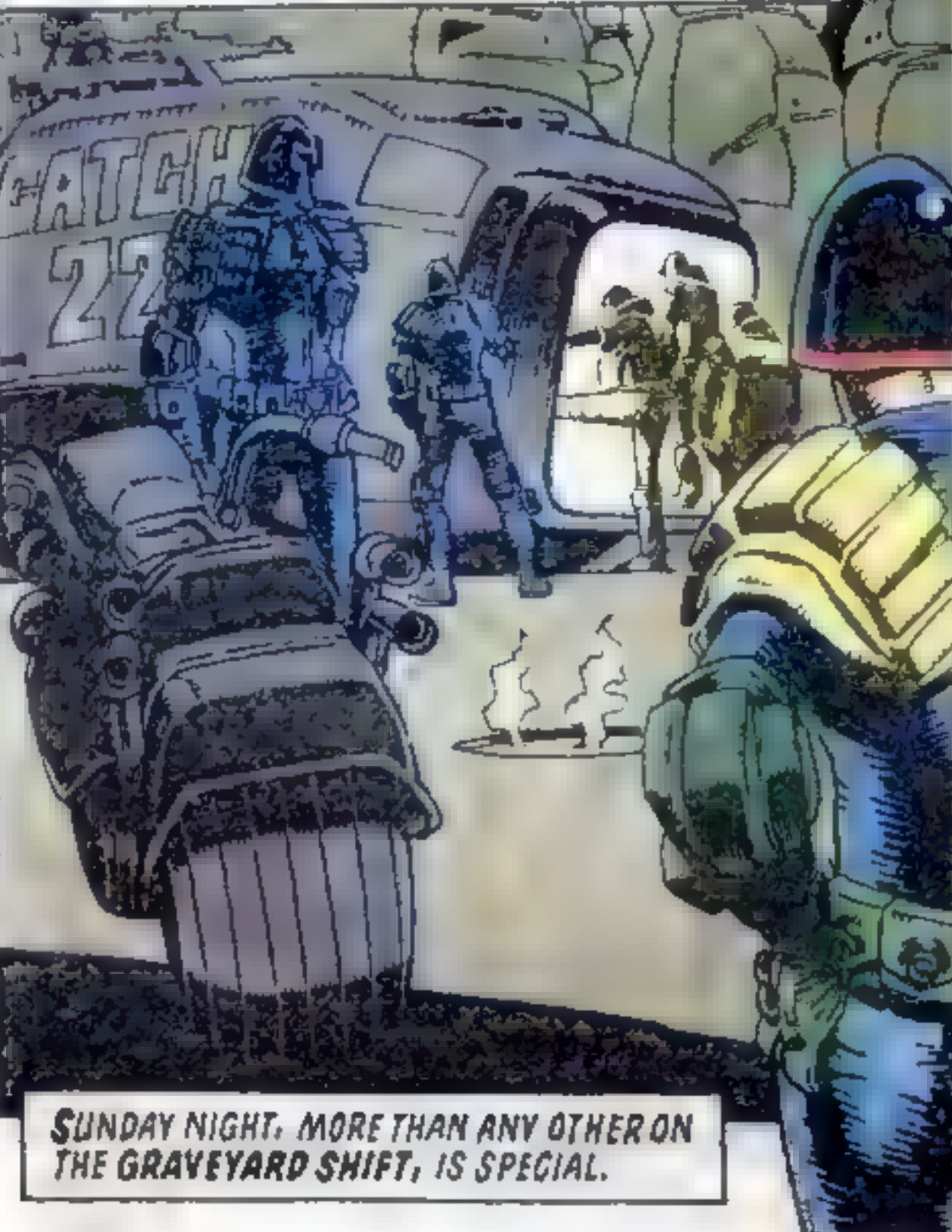
ITEM! CODE 299 ARRESTS 50 FAR
THIS SHIFT, 17,340.

ITEM! PSYCHO CUBES NOW FULL, 3, 14 AND 147.
DIVERT YOUR KOOKS TO NEIGHBOURING SECTORS.

ITEM! ALL UNITS VICINITY DWIGHT DEE PLAZA,
BE ON LOOKOUT FOR MAN IN RHINO SUIT.



ON THE STREETS, CATCH WAGONS ARE FILLING UP FOR
THEIR THIRD OR FOURTH TRIP TO THE CUBES.



ON SUNDAY NIGHT THE KOOKS
COME OUT TO PLAY -

CONTROL TO ANY UNIT VICINITY
ARTHUR KOESTLER BLOCK. EIGHT
PEOPLE ON LEDGE, 96TH FLOOR.
BELIEVED TO BE BLOCK
KAMIKAZE CLUB.

DREDD!
I'LL TAKE
IT!

TONIGHT, YOU SEE, IS THE NIGHT
BEFORE MONDAY. THE NIGHT WHEN
THE LUCKY FEW PACK THEIR LUNCH
PAILS AND DOOFER BAGS IN
PREPARATION FOR THE NEXT DAY'S
TOIL.



THE NIGHT WHEN THE VAST MAJORITY - THE
TEEMING MILLIONS OF UNEMPLOYED -
LOOK OUT ON THE PROSPECT OF YET ANOTHER
BLEAK WEEK, ANOTHER 7 SAD DAYS IN THEIR
EMPTY, HOPELESS LIVES...

TWO THOUSAND JOB APPS - NOT ONE
OFFER! NOT EVEN A LOUSY
INTERVIEW!



I CAN'T TAKE
ANYMORE!

CODE 299 - CITIZEN AMOK.

CLAUDE
BIGOT
BLOCK

YES, IF A CITIZEN IS GOING TO CRACK, THE
ODDS ARE IT'LL HAPPEN TONIGHT.
IN MEGA-CITY ONE THEY CALL IT —

SUNDAY NIGHT FEVER



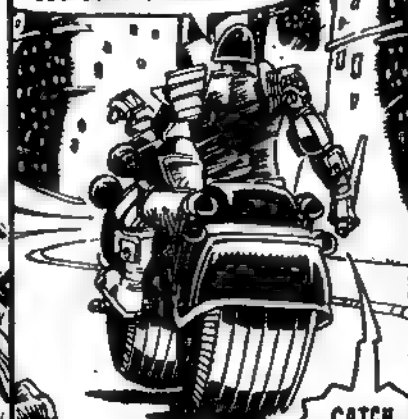
I CAN'T TAKE
ANYMORE!

BAR
RUM

W
H
A
P
P



DREDD TO CONTROL! YOU GOT ONE
ON ICE, KOESTLER EXIT.
3 MONTHS, CRIM-DAM TO
JOB SHOP WINDOW.

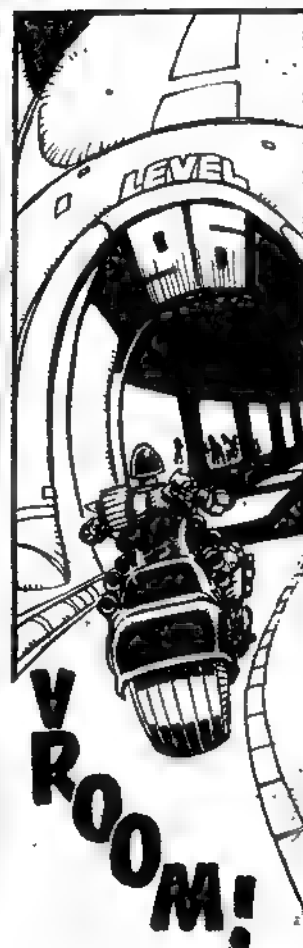


CATCH
WAGON
ON ITS
WAY.

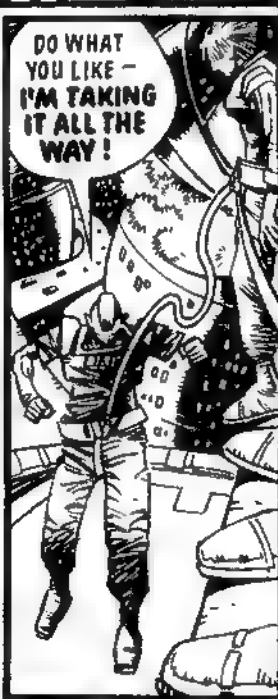
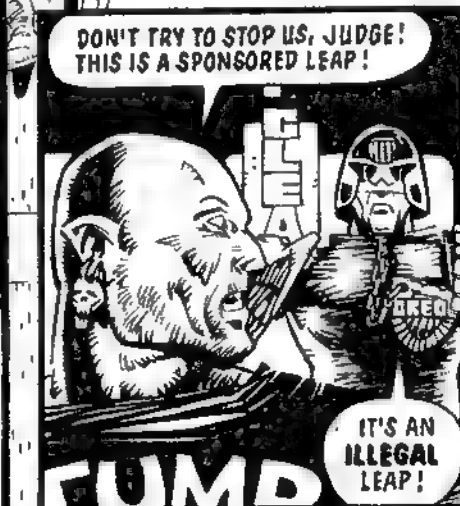
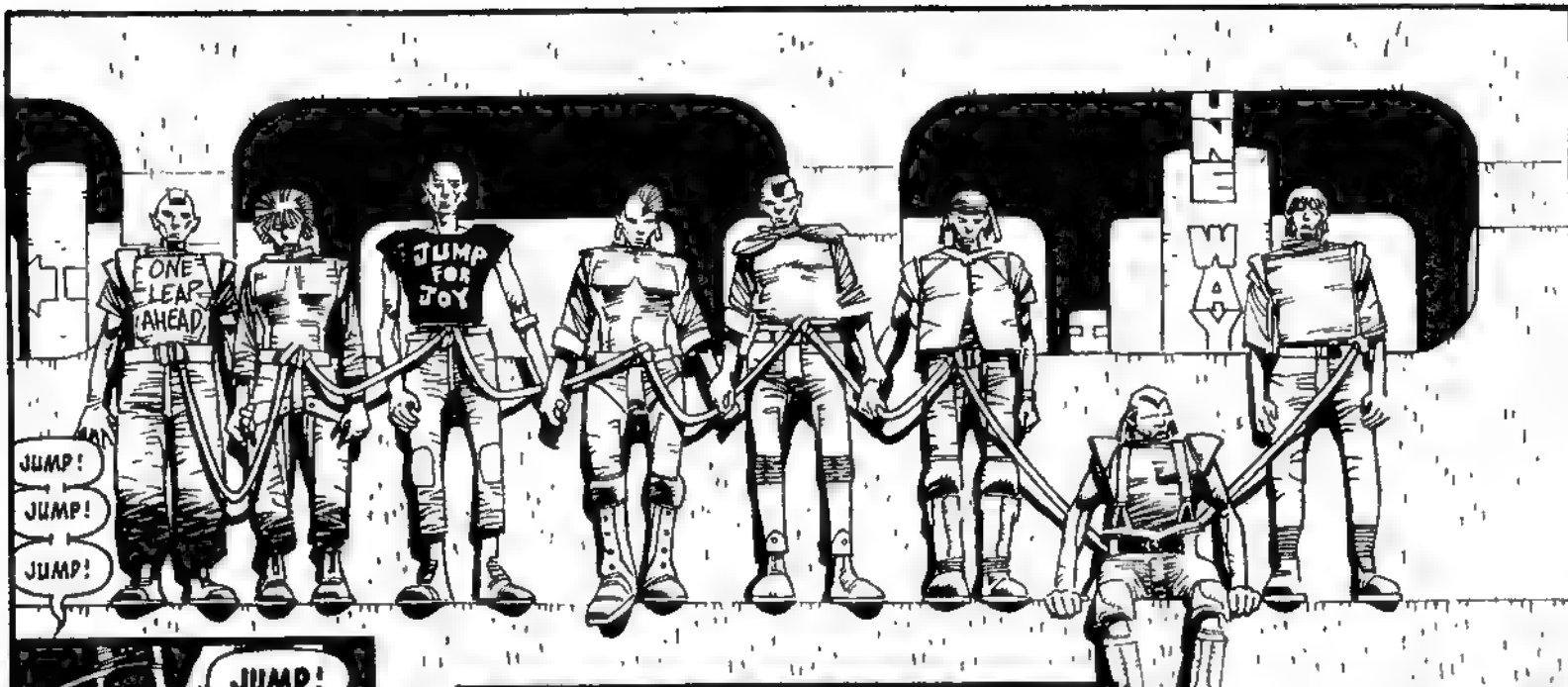
HOW ABOUT
THOSE
LEAPERS,
DREDD?

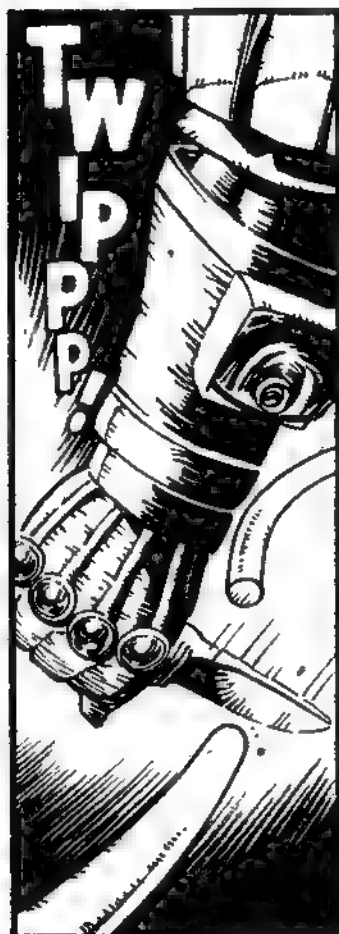


I SEE 'EM.
STAND BY.



V
R
O
O
M!





LOOK OUT!
HERE THEY
COME!



CLEAN UP SQUAD TO
KOESTLER PRECINCT!



T-T-TWENTY
YEARS!
FOR
BREACH?

**BREACH WAS BEFORE YOUR PALS
TOOK THE PLUNGE. NOW YOU'RE AN
ACCESSORY TO SEVEN DEATHS!**



**2330. ON THE
STREETS, BUSINESS
IS BRISK.**

**OVER THE NEXT 60 MINUTES, SUNDAY NIGHT FEVER WILL BE AT
ITS PEAK. JUDGES KNOW THIS AS "THE HAPPY HOUR".**

**ITEM! CODE 299
ARRESTS SO FAR
THIS SHIFT,
22,992.**

**ITEM! PSYCHO
CUBES NOW FULL.
SECTORS 3, 8, 14, 113,
147 AND 208.**

**ITEM! ALL UNITS
VICINITY DWIGHT DEE,
BE ON LOOKOUT -
TWO MEN IN RHINO
SUITS.**



**BUT IT IS IN THE SLUG AND GRISTLE
BAR THAT THE NIGHT'S WORST
TROUBLE WILL SOON START -**



**A JOB, FRANK, THAT'S ALL I ASK! I'LL DO
ANYTHING - GRIP SHIFLIN', PLOPJACKIN' -
SHOOT! I'D EVEN SCRUNGE STINKIN'
DRIBVERTS!**

**BUT WILL ANYONE GIVE ME
A CHANCE? WILL THEY HELL!**



**WATCH THIS CITIZEN. HER NAME IS RUBY
FOULCLOUGH.**

**BEFORE THE NIGHT IS OUT,
SHE WILL BE RESPONSIBLE FOR THE DEATH OF
15,000 PLUS CITIZENS.**



**NEXT
PROG: SPUG CRAZY!**

THE PLANET HORST, WHERE GENETIC INFANTRYMAN ROGUE TROOPER IS SEARCHING FOR THE ANTIGEN THAT CAN REGENE HIS BIOCHIPPED BUDDIES!

ROGUE TROOPER

THIS ALIEN 'SCAPE IS TOO QUIET, BOYS. GOT A FEELING WE'RE BEING FOLLOWED!

2000AD
Credit Card:
SCRIPT ROBOT
G. FINLEY-DAY
ART ROBOT
JOSE ORTIZ
LETTERING ROBOT
TONY JACOB
COMPU-73e

THE BIOCHIPS OF ROGUE'S FELLOW G.I.S WERE LOCATED IN HIS HELMET, GUN AND BACKPACK.

YOU'RE RIGHT, ROGUE. DOT IN THE SKY, BEHIND US!

ONE OF THOSE NORT ALIENS WE CLASHED WITH. IT'S STAYING OUT OF RANGE, BUT TRACKING US LIKE A SPOTTER-CRAFT!

THERE AIN'T NO-ONE FOR IT TO REPORT BACK TO, ROGUE. WE WIPED OUT THEIR BASE, REMEMBER?

YEAH. IF IT GETS IN RANGE, WE BLAST IT. OTHERWISE WE'VE GOT MORE IMPORTANT THINGS TO ATTEND TO...

LIKE REACHING THE NEXT ZONE AND THERE IT IS!

JUST ONE PROBLEM...





WE'RE GONNA
NEED A VESSEL OF
SOME SORT. THESE
TWO ZONES ARE
SEPARATED BY A
CRATER SEA!



SCORES OF
MERCHANTMEN
DOWN THERE,
BUT THEY'RE
ALL BEACHED.



THEY'RE *SOUTHER*.
ROGUE. COMPUTER-
CREWED, TOO. WHAT
HAPPENED HERE?



SOME KIND
OF MASSACRE,
BAGMAN. *SKELETONS*
EVERYWHERE...



RECKON THEY
WERE REFUGEES,
TRYING TO REACH
THE NEXT ZONE,
LIKE US.



CAN'T MAKE
IT OUT, ROGUE.
SOMETHING
ATTACKED
THESE CRAFT,
BUT MY SENSORS
AREN'T
REGISTERING
ANY NOT
NAVAL
PRESENCE.

JUST ANOTHER WAR
MYSTERY. WE'LL FIND
OURSELVES A VESSEL
AND CARRY ON WITH
OUR OWN MISSION.



INSIDE A HATCH—

A FAST-
FOIL.
PERFECT.

I'LL SAY, ROGUE...
I WAS GETTING MIGHTY
TIRED OF BATTLE-
MARCHING!



SYNTH OUT,
GUNNAR - THE
LAST TIME YOU
DID ANY WALKING
WAS BACK ON
NU EARTH.

THAT NORT'S
STILL SHADOWING
US, BUT COME
NIGHTFALL WE'LL
LOSE IT.



LET'S GO!



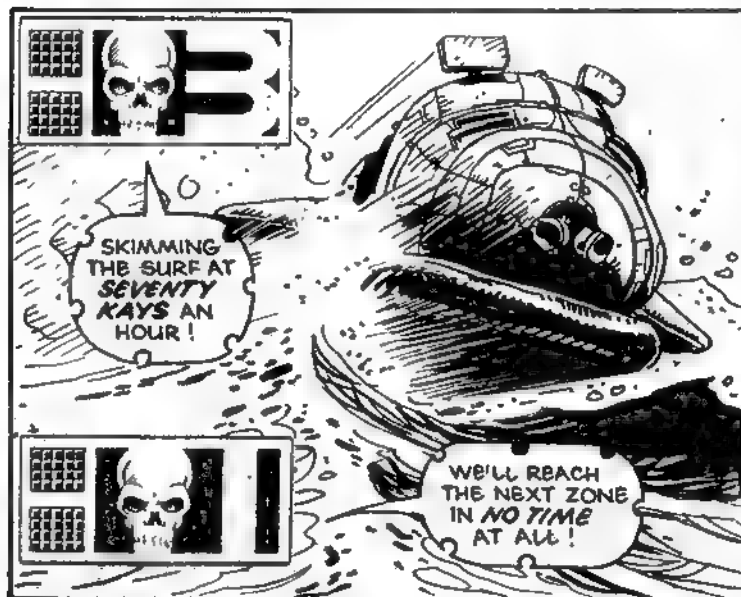
HEY, ROGUE!
HOW ABOUT LETTING
US HAVE SOME FUN?

YOU WANNA
NAVIGATE?
SUITS ME.



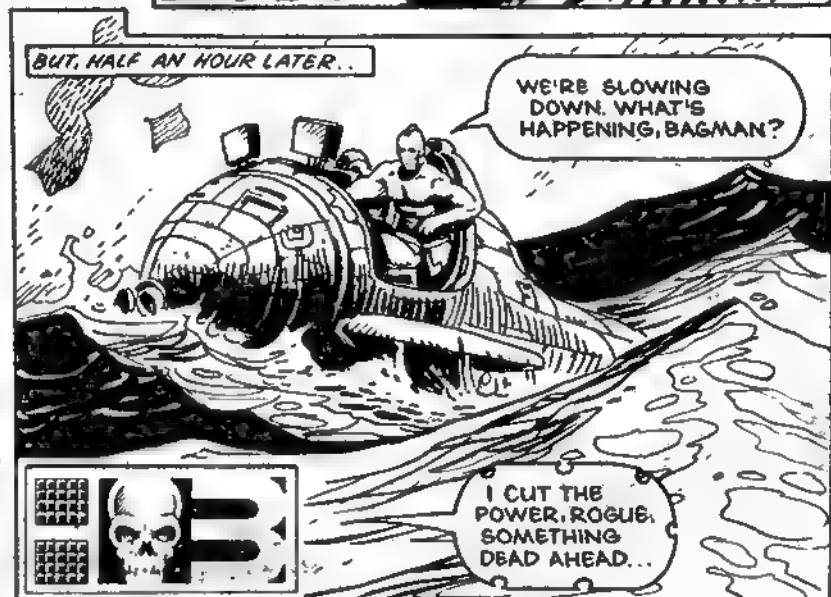
PATCH INTO
THE GUIDANCE
COMPUTER.
BAGMAN, HELM
WILL SPOT FOR
YOU WHILE I
TAKE TEN.

YOU
GOT
IT!



SKIMMING
THE SURF AT
SEVENTY
KAYS AN
HOUR!

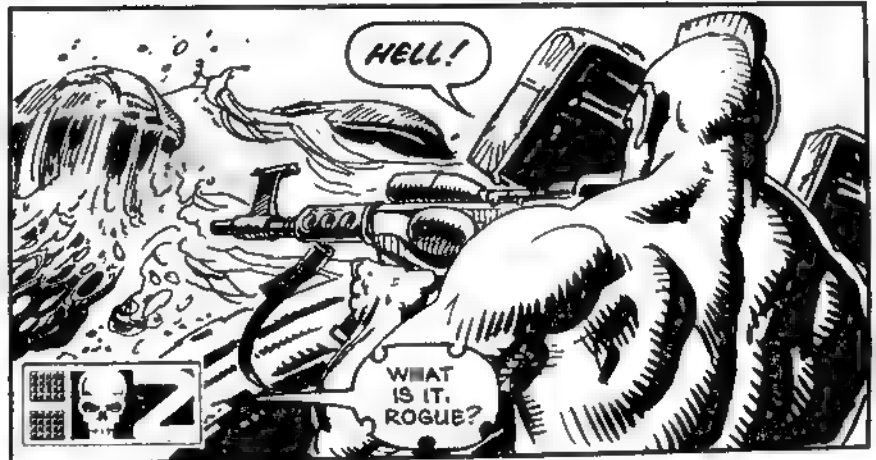
WE'LL REACH
THE NEXT ZONE
IN NO TIME
AT ALL!



BUT, HALF AN HOUR LATER...

WE'RE SLOWING
DOWN. WHAT'S
HAPPENING, BAGMAN?

I CUT THE
POWER, ROGUE.
SOMETHING
DEAD AHEAD...



Strontium Dog



FOR ALMOST A CENTURY THE BADLANDS COMPRISING THE 49TH TERRITORY ON THE PLANET BURRITO HAVE BEEN A REFUGE FOR CRIMINALS FROM ALL OVER THE GALAXY - A POLICY WHICH HAS REaped THE PLANET'S GOVERNMENT A RICH HARVEST OF BRIBES AND PAY-OFFS.

BUT GOVERNMENTS CHANGE, AND THE NEWLY-ELECTED HEAVY DISCIPLINE PARTY HAS DECIDED TO LIVE UP TO ITS NAME --

2000AD
Credit Card:

SCRIPT ROBOT
ALAN GRANT
ART ROBOT
CARLOS EZQUERRA
LETTERING ROBOT
GORDON ROBERTSON

COMPU-732

AMNESTY

Be it known that on the 10th day of Morkmndy the privileged status of the inhabitants of the 49th Territory will END. All wanted criminals have until noon on that date to surrender themselves to the Arresting Officer in Badyille.

BY ORDER

P. Fari

HEAVY DISCIPLINE PARTY



THAT'S A
DRAGONHEAD
FROM ZEBEK!

THOSE TRACKER-ZARDS
OF HIS CAN CATCH A
SCENT AT 5 KAYS!

IN ANTICIPATION OF THE
FORTHCOMING OPEN SEASON,
BY THE 8TH OF MORKNMNDY
BADVILLE HAS BEGUN TO
FILL UP WITH A VARIETY OF
UNSAVOURY CHARACTERS --



HOWLERS FROM KUNGHUNG! THEY'D KILL
FOR FUN, EVEN IF THEY DIDN'T GET PAID!



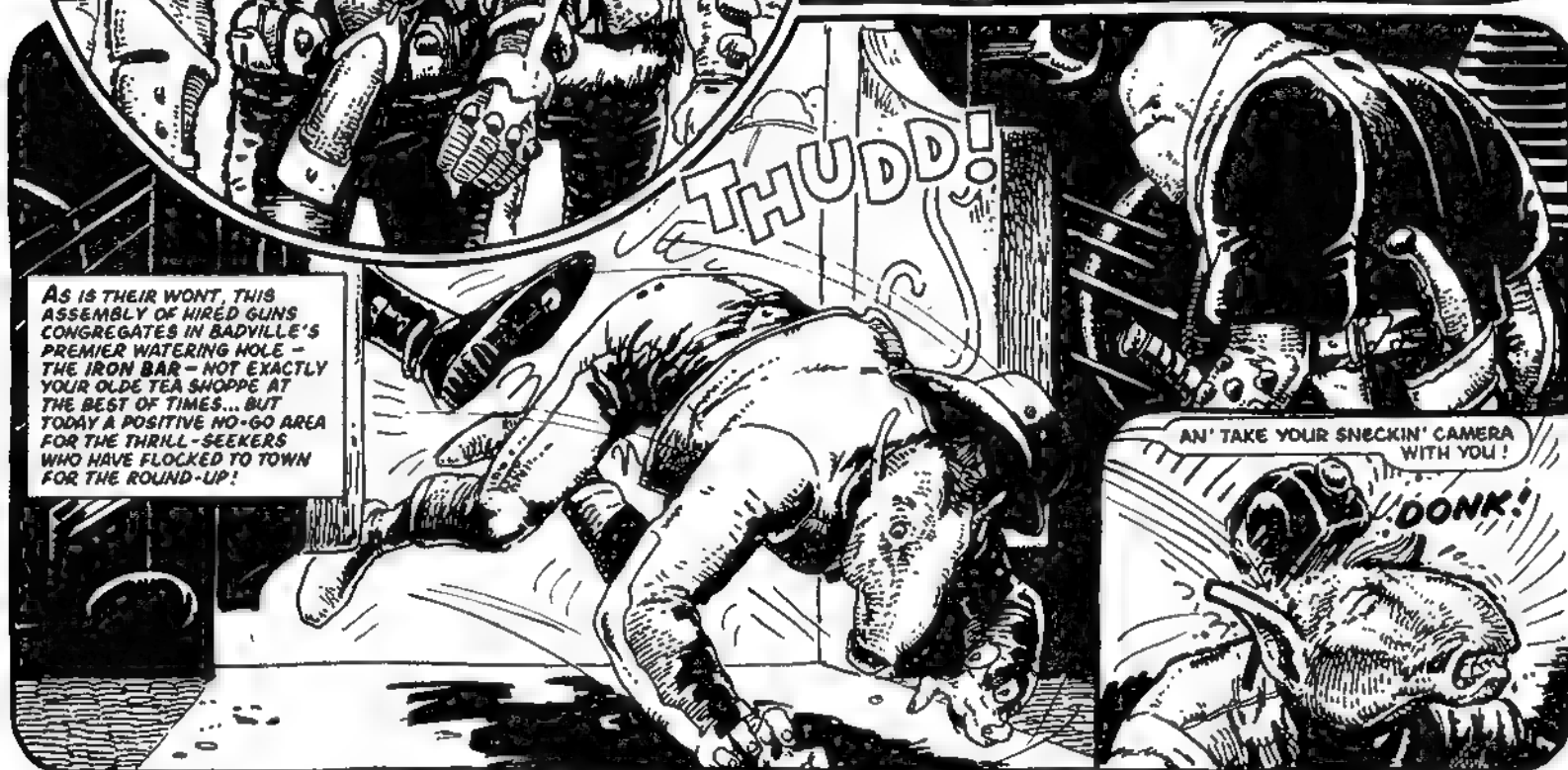
THEY'RE STRONTIUM
DOGS -- MUTANT
BOUNTY HUNTERS
FROM EARTH!

YUUCH! UGLY,
AREN'T THEY?



JA! UND YOU ARE NO
MONA LISA YOURSELF,
OLD CUCUMBER!

ULP!



THUDD!

AS IS THEIR WONT, THIS
ASSEMBLY OF HIRED GUNS
CONGREGATES IN BADVILLE'S
PREMIER WATERING HOLE --
THE IRON BAR -- NOT EXACTLY
YOUR OLDE TEA SHOPPE AT
THE BEST OF TIMES... BUT
TODAY A POSITIVE NO-GO AREA
FOR THE THRILL-SEEKERS
WHO HAVE FLOCKED TO TOWN
FOR THE ROUND-UP!



AN' TAKE YOUR SNECKIN' CAMERA
WITH YOU!

DONK!

IN THE BAR, PREPARATIONS FOR THE BIG BUST
ARE WELL UNDER WAY --



LISSEN, FURRIT-FACE... I WISHAB
CHEATIN'! AN' EVEN IF I WAS
YOU' WOULDNAE HAV SEEN ME --
YE'RE TOO SNECKIN' STUPID!



YOU LIS, EARTHMAN.
MONEY MINB. GIVE!



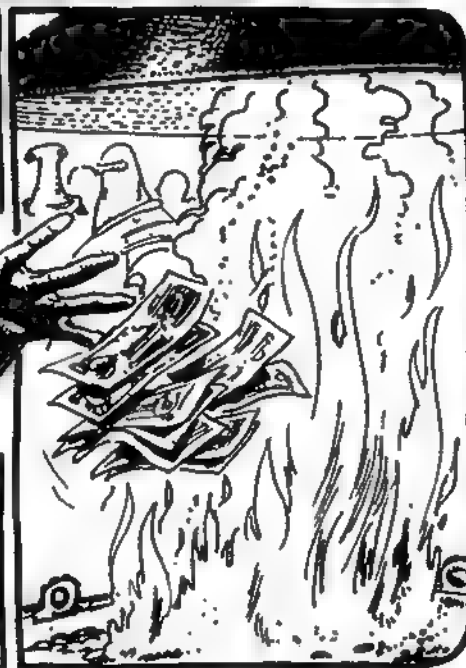
TELL YE WHIT, JIMMY --
WE'LL SETTLE THIS
FAIR AN' SQUARE, THE
GLESGAE WAY.

GLESGAE WAY?
WHAT MEAN?

IT MEANS -- HERE'S
YER LUMPS!



C'MOAN! I'LL TAK' YOUSE ALL -- UUUUNGH!



JINGS! MY BAWBES!







WE REMEMBER THIS, STRONTIUM DOG.

WHEN TIME COME,
YOU PAY. DARKUS
PROMISE YOU.

GO BILE YER
CARCASS
DARKUS!



THE CHEEK O' THAE HAIRY EEJITS! ACCUSIN'
ME, MIDDENFACE McNULTY, O' CHEATIN'!

UND DID YOU?

YE THINK I'M STUPIT?
'COURSE I CHEATED!
BUT THEY'D NAE RIGHT
ACCUSIN' ME!

ONNYWAY, THEY
SHOULD'VE KENT
BETTER THAN PLAY
THREE-CAIRD JUMMY
WI' THE TARTAN
TERROR!



YOUSE TWA DOON FER THE
BIG BUST THEN, EH? TELL
YOUSE WHAT - WHY DAE
WE NO' TEAM UP?

DER THREE OF US?
JA, IS DER IDEA.



VITH SO MANY BAD TYPES IN
TOWN, IS ALWAYS GOOD TO
HAVE SOMEYUN ROUND TO
VATCH DER BACKS!

VAT YOU SAY,
JOHNNY?



I'LL DRINK
TO THAT!

CHINGG!

Next Prog:

"IT'S MY AIN WEE BARLINNIE!"

**THIS KID
WANTS HIS
COPY OF
PROG 417...**

**...BUT
THIS
JUDGE
FORGOT
TO ORDER IT**



**DON'T GET
CAUGHT
HOLDING THE
BABY - GET
2000 AD!**

PROG
417
THE
FUTURE
IS IN
YOUR
HANDS!

FIGHTING THE EVIL OF



COBRA

**DUKE AND
HIS ACTION
FORCE TEAM**
EVERY WEEK
IN

**BATTLE
ACTION FORCE**

ON SALE NOW - 24p

THE TRANSFORMERS

NEW INSECTICONS.

ROBOTS IN DISGUISE



EVL
DECEPTICON

NOW, THE EVIL DECEPTICONS HAVE CREATED ... THE INSECTICONS! A PLAGUE OF TERROR SENT TO DESTROY EARTH! ONLY THE HEROIC AUTOBOTS CAN STOP THEM ... OR CAN THEY?

SHRAPNEL DOESN'T LIKE SCREAMS AND THE SOUNDS OF BATTLE - HE LOVES THEM.



KICKBACK IS CRUEL AND CLEVER. TRICKS PEOPLE INTO TRUSTING HIM, AND THEN ...



BOMBSHELL BRAINWASHES HIS VICTIMS AND CONTROLS THEIR MINDS.



LOOK OUT FOR THE EVIL INSECTICONS! THEY'RE IN THE SHOPS NOW!



HASBRO

WOLVINGHAM

BERKSHIRE



I WARNED
YOU, CREEP!
IT'S A CRIME
TO SCAN
2000AD!

2000AD
Credit Card:
WE JOURNAL ABOUT
SCANDY
COMPU 73c